

DOCTOR·WHO

# THE GERM WAR

...SO HOW  
COME WE'RE  
LEGGING IT  
ALREADY? THE  
TARDIS ONLY  
LANDED HERE  
TWO MINUTES  
AGO!

KEEP UP, ROSE -  
TWO MINUTES,  
TWENTY-ONE  
SECONDS,  
I MAKE IT!

'COS THAT  
MAKES ALL THE  
DIFFERENCE!

CERTAINLY  
DOES! RECKON  
WE'VE NOW  
GOT **FOURTEEN  
SECONDS** TO  
CATCH OUR  
BREATH...

WHEW. THAT'S  
BETTER, INNIT?

THIS SPACE  
STATION WE'RE IN.  
IT'S SUPPOSED  
TO BE **CROWDED**,  
RIGHT?

LIKE COPACABANA  
BEACH ON **FREE  
ICE-CREAM DAY**.  
IT'S THE BUSIEST  
REST STOP THIS  
SIDE OF JUPITER!

FOUR MORE  
SECONDS...

COURSE, WE COULDN'T  
GO NOWHERE **NORMAL**  
FOR BREAKFAST...

WHAT HAPPENED  
TO ALL THE  
PEOPLE?

MY  
GUESS  
IS...

**STERILISE AND  
DISINFECT!**

...THEY  
DID!

**STERILISE AND  
DISINFECT!**

**STERILISE AND  
DISINFECT!**

Script ALAN BARNES  
Artwork JOHN ROSS  
Colouring ADRIAN SALMON





KEEP CLEAR! CLEANING  
IN PROGRESS!  
DISINFECTODROIDS  
ATTENDING!



'DISINFECTODROIDS'? WE'RE  
RUNNING FROM AN ARMY OF  
TOILET DUCKS?

THAT'S ABOUT THE  
SIZE OF IT...

UH-OH.



SONIC  
SCREWDRIER?

IN HERE  
SOMEWHERE...



APPLE CORE?  
CHECK.

USED BUS  
TICKETS? CHECK.

BREATH  
FRESHENERS?  
CHECK.

BELGIAN  
PHRASEBOOK?  
CHECK.

BITS OF JIGSAW?  
CHECK...

JIGSAW?

YEAH, LOOK -  
THERE'S A PIECE  
OF SKY...

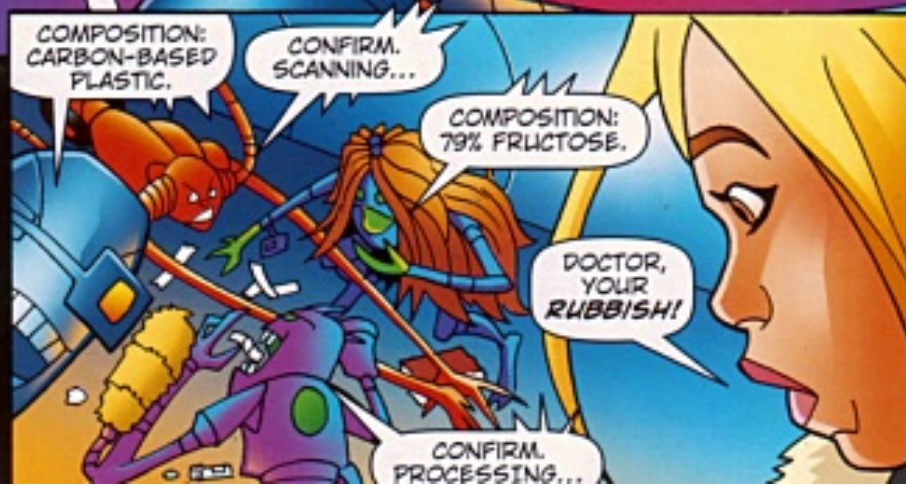


D-DOCTOR...!

SCAN! PROCESS!  
ANALYSE!

HAIRY LOLLIPOP...  
A SINGLE GLOVE...

WATER PISTOL  
...CUDDLY  
TOY...



COMPOSITION:  
CARBON-BASED  
PLASTIC.

CONFIRM.  
SCANNING...

COMPOSITION:  
79% FRUCTOSE.

DOCTOR,  
YOUR  
RUBBISH!

CONFIRM.  
PROCESSING...



NO, I'M  
FANTASTIC.

WHILE THEY'RE  
DISTRACTED, SHALL  
WE ESCAPE?

WHIRRR!









WE DON'T KILL PEOPLE. WE KILL ALL KNOWN GERMS. DEAD.

HANG ON  
HANG ON  
HANG ON

YOU'RE ROBOTS!  
YOU CAN'T KILL PEOPLE!  
IT'S IN YOUR PROGRAMMING!  
IT'S THE LAW!

A SPACE PLAGUE ARRIVED HERE. THE STATION WAS QUARANTINED. AS CLEANING DROIDS, IT WAS OUR DUTY TO ELIMINATE ALL BACTERIAL INFECTION, BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY...

'UNDERSWEEPER - COMMENCE SCAN!'

SO WHAT'S IT SAYING - THEY KILLED EVERYONE HERE, 'COS THEY HAD A FEW BUGS?

THESE ROBOTS, THEY'RE MENTAL!

COULD BE THEY'VE BEEN CORRUPTED BY THE VIRUS THEMSELVES...

SCAN CONFIRMS - MASSIVE MICROBIAL INFESTATION!

A-HA! I THOUGHT SO. UNDERSWEEPER - STERILISE AND DISINFECT!

WELL OF COURSE WE'RE INFESTED!

WE'RE ALL OF US WALKING AROUND COVERED IN MICROBES, ALL OF THE TIME! THEY'RE NOT ALL HARMFUL...

Y-YEAH - WE'RE FRIENDLY BACTERIA!

DIRTY!  
DIRTY!  
DIRTY!

THE GRIME IS LIFE! THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!

SHLOOOP!

WAAH!

DOCTOR!

IT'S ALRIGHT, ROSE. TAKE MY HAND!

TRUST ME. I THINK I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE.

IF YOU SAY SOOOOOOOOO...

SHLOOOP!

EEEEEEEEOOOOOOOWWWWWW

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE? TURN TO PAGE 32 NOW!



DOCTOR·WHO  
THE GERM WAR  
continued from page 12!

...OH.  
OH, OK...

THIS IS  
DIFFERENT.  
A WHOLE  
NEW WORLD.  
FWAUGH, IT  
STINKS!

STERILISE AND  
DISINFECT!

DON'T YOU  
START. IT'S  
A DUMPING  
PLANET, HALF  
A UNIVERSE  
AWAY.

I KNEW THE  
TECHNOLOGY  
WOULD HAVE BEEN  
PATENTED BY NOW -  
I JUST DIDN'T  
THINK ANYONE WAS  
ALLOWED TO USE  
IT YET...

I GET IT - **TELEPORT!**  
THE CLEANING DROIDS  
- THEY TELEPORT THE  
RUBBISH, RIGHT?

RIGHT. THERE'S NOWHERE LEFT  
ON EARTH TO DUMP THEIR JUNK,  
AND THE REST OF THE SOLAR  
SYSTEM'S PROTECTED - SO WHAT  
DOES YOUR SPECIES DO?

ZAP THEIR TRASH INTO  
ANOTHER GALAXY. VERY  
ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY,  
I DON'T THINK.

HEY!  
HEY!

SO THE PEOPLE  
WAVING AT US  
FROM OVER THERE  
MUST BE...

FROM THE  
SERVICE  
STATION, YUP.

EXCEPT THEY'RE  
NOT WAVING AT US,  
THEY'RE WARNING  
US TO GET...

DOWN!

SO I GUESS  
THE SPEAR-  
CHUCKING  
POSSE MUST  
BE...?

...NATIVES OF A  
PLANET GROANING  
BENEATH THE WEIGHT  
OF A TRILLION TONNES  
OF HUMAN GARBAGE?

YEAH, THAT'S  
RIGHT. I DON'T  
THINK THEY'RE  
VERY HAPPY  
ABOUT IT...



SEVERAL MINUTES (AND A FEW BILLION LIGHT YEARS) LATER...

THIS IS ONLY THE **BEGINNING**, **DISINFECTODROIDS!** FROM OUR BASE AMONG JUPITER'S MOONS, WE CAN **STRIKE OUT** INTO THE SOLAR SYSTEM -

- AND **CLEAN UP** PLANET EARTH!

**STERILISE AND DISINFECT!**

**STERILISE AND DISINFECT!**

**FIGHT!**

HEY - WE'RE NOT LEAVING, NOT JUST WHEN IT'S GETTING GOOD! WHAT ABOUT THIS FLY-TIPPING BUSINESS?

...EH?!

'ELLO AGAIN, BIG BOY. BROUGHT A FEW FRIENDS WITH ME FROM THE BACK OF BEYOND...

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY FLAVOUR OF THE MONTH, MY FRIEND. DO YOU WANNA **NEGOTIATE**, OR SHALL WE JUST...

AH. WELL, I'VE SUGGESTED THAT ONCE THE STATION STAFF HAVE **REPROGRAMMED** THE SURVIVORS, THEY MIGHT WANT TO TELEPORT THE ROBOTS BACK TO THE **DUMPING PLANET**...

...WHERE THEY CAN RESET THEIR CO-ORDINATES, AND BEGIN SENDING THAT **TRILLION TONNES OF RUBBISH** TO - ER, WHAT'S THAT LABEL SAY?

'A **QUALITY PRODUCT** FROM **ACME CLEANING INDUSTRIES**, **NEW BRENTFORD, EARTH.**'

NEW BRENTFORD, THEN. SEE IF THAT DOESN'T CHANGE THEIR **CORPORATE POLICY** SHARPLY...!

SO THAT'S IT, DOCTOR? ALL **BAD GUYS BATTERED**, ALL **WRONGS RIGHTED**, ACROSS THE WHOLE OF SPACE?

THAT'S IT, ROSE. JUST CALL ME THE **ORIGINAL VACUUM CLEANER!**

KEEP YOUR **GALAXY TIDY**

**NEXT ISSUE: MORE DANGER AND ADVENTURES!**